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MISNOMERED MAIDENS.

A sojourn in New England has convinced me of the fact
That female nomenclature there is very inexact;
The girls I met and flirted with had certainly no claims
To all the gifts and graces indicated by their names.

Faith Johnson was the first I met; I thought her name so sweet,
And she was very beautiful, accomplished, and so neat;
But Faith proved faithless unto me—she was a gay deceiver—
And in religious matters, too, she was an unbeliever.

I found Hope Smith a darling girl and wonderfully wise,
And yet I could not understand her hopeless kind of sighs,
For she was given to despond, and said, whene'er I chaffed her,
She had no hope of happiness in this world or hereafter.

Then later, Charity De Kalb ensnared my youthful heart,
She had a graceful figure and a manner very smart,
Yet in her disposition envy was the reigning feature,
And Charity turned out to be a sordid, selfish creature.

The next I met was Prudence Jones, a girl of eighteen springs,
But she was gay and giddy and too fond of costly things;
Extravagance in dress no doubt was her besetting sin;
God help the man whose cruel luck that damsel dear shall win!

I had an introduction to Humility Burdette,
Whose vanity and self-conceit I never can forget;
Distinguished o'er her sisters for insufferable pride,
Humility was just the gift which she had been denied!

I then made the acquaintance of Peace Robinson, of Maine,
A fiery girl whose temper mortal never could restrain.
She used to get quite violent and tear her hair and mine,
So marriage with that maiden I of course had to decline.

The next of the New England girls I met was Patience Brown,
The daughter of a banker in a Massachusetts town;
Her irritable nature, and the way she'd fume and fret,
Induced me to bid her good-bye without the least regret.

The last I met was Wealthy Green, and I was rather rash,
For I proposed and married her, depending on her cash;
But after we were wedded I had reason to repent,
For I very soon discovered Wealthy wasn't worth a cent!

—John S. Grey, in Texas Siftings.

LINEMEN.

After a Storm Their Tasks Are Hard and Perilous.

Men Drift Into the Trade Naturally—Their Work and How It Is Paid—They Dread Storms More Than Sailormen Do.

It is in the room where the linemen meet to find out where there are wires in trouble that they will have to fix. Just which one of the companies it may be, never mind, for the companies do not like to have their linemen talk of the hardships and dangers of the work and the little pay given for their services, and if the linemen were discovered telling the secrets of their work it might go hard with them. It is Monday morning, and the linemen have come from their homes to report to their foremen for duty. Sunday was a bad day. There was a cyclone down off the coast, and through the night it blew briskly over Manhattan's housetops. Wires got crossed, insulation sheaths became abraded, long stretches of lines were swayed by the wind till they grew slack, and all through Sunday night there was difficulty in sending messages either by telephone or telegraph. And now this Monday morning is even worse than was Sunday. There is fog, there is rain, and once in awhile there are swift gusts of wind. It will be what the men call a trouble day, and there will be more than a plenty of work for them to do. Already the districts throughout the city have reported to headquarters the trouble in this street and that street. The foremen of the various gangs of linemen have received tables showing where the breaks, the crosses and the other faults are, and now, at a little after eight o'clock this Monday morning, the foreman and his gang go out in the rain and wind to make the wires serviceable.

It is a familiar sight to New Yorkers, these groups of three, four or more sturdy men in rough clothes walking smartly along, tools for fixing wires in their hands, and the straps and spurs of their "climbers" hanging over their shoulders. They are all men with courage written on their faces and agile strength shown in their bodies, arms and legs. On and on they walk, with their eyes, from force of habit, glancing up toward the wires reaching from pole to pole and extending across house roofs. Presently the foreman halts, and the others stop behind him. Here is the first place of trouble in the district which this gang is covering. The foreman gives his instructions and the men prepare for work. First they bind around their legs the spurs, and then taking one comprehensive survey of the wires aloft they see that their tools are all right in their pockets. Now the climbing begins. One man is at this pole, another is at the next one, and another somewhere else along the street. The tall sticks of timber are sixty or seventy feet high. In a jiffy the linemen are up among the cross-pieces. Often there are loiterers who linger on the curbstones to watch the work. But it is difficult to tell just what the laborers are doing away up there in the air. It isn't pleasant to turn up one's face to the falling raindrops, and besides, the maze of wires hinders close observation, and the most careful of onlookers finds himself unable to see fully the operations of the lineman. One thing you can easily see, though, and that is that the workman displays exceeding care in selecting his position and in managing not to touch certain wires.

At last he descends from the cross-pieces and stands upon the flag walk. But he has no time to waste, and is soon off to another pole, up that, at work in the maze, then down again and off to another pole. Then, perhaps, his work takes him to the roof of a house, and he must climb carefully over the slanting tin or slate, be careful about clumsy scuttle holes, and often support himself delicately at the eaves, five, six, perhaps eight stories above the ground. So it goes with him until six o'clock p. m., and at that hour the regular work of the day ceases. This Monday it is hard to keep the work up until six o'clock p. m., for it is dark, and even at five o'clock the lineman has to strain his eyes to see clearly that he does his work right. Besides, it is raining even now, and the poles and cross-pieces are slippery. A false step, an incautious movement, a weak thrust of the spur into the tall stick, and the lineman would fall to the stones below.

"Well, I am glad there's one more day's work done," remarks the worker among aerial wires, as finally he touches the earth again. "I'm glad," he goes on, "for now I know that for a dozen hours or so I won't be running any more chances of accident than men in other kinds of work. Ordinarily we linemen don't bother much about thinking of the danger we are in on the poles and on housetops. That is, a year ago we didn't mind it much, but now we seldom begin a day's work without wondering whether it is going to be our turn next to slip and fall or touch a deadly wire as Feeks did. You see it's been pretty nearly within the last year that the fatal accidents have happened, and I tell you they have made us men rather nervous. We always knew we had a hard life, but we kinder got used to it. There didn't use to be so much danger of getting a death shock. Now the danger has increased."

"How do men get to be linemen?"

"Oh, just the same as men get to be engaged in any thing that is perilous. A young man hasn't had a chance to get some safe, pleasant trade; he wants work, and he takes the first thing that comes his way. I lived in a small town up the State, and had been doing various things. A telegraph company came along and wanted me to help put up a new line. I got a job, just the same as lots, yes, most linemen, got started—in handling the reels of wires or helping the men that strung them on the poles. I was a groundman—that's what they call 'em—and did my work all right. None of us groundmen had to climb poles. The foreman wouldn't let us. He said it was risky and the company wouldn't let us go up the pole and fall down and smash our heads. They didn't care for us or our getting hurt, but they did care about having to pay damages. That's what was the matter. Well, I worked along for some months and never went up a pole. But I knew I could do it, for there wasn't a tree anywhere around my town that I couldn't get up along with any other boy, and without being boosted, either. So one Sunday a lot of us ground men were talking about climbing—we were boarding at a farmhouse along the road where the line was being built, and Sunday we didn't work—and while we were talking about skinning up trees and climbing telegraph poles a fellow dared me to go up a pole. It was a big one, and the ground all around was stony, so that a fall would have been serious; but I put on a pair of climbers and sailed up that pole as slick as the foreman could have done it. That's what made me a lineman. The foreman heard there was a groundman in the gang that could go up a pole, and next time he had to recommend some fellows for promotion I was one of those he named. So here I am, going up poles and fussing around with wires. How did I learn what to do with the wires? Oh, from watching the linemen whenever as a groundman I had the chance. It isn't hard work just to repair or change wires; the difficult part is in the having to do it so high up in the air with such an awfully insecure footing. Sometimes a wire is slack; then all there is to do is to pull it taut and fasten it. Perhaps a line has got out of place and crosses another. The current is spoiled then, and we have to straighten the wires so that each will be independent of the other. Or may be there is a piece of bad wire somewhere. We find it out and cut it down, and then put in a new stretch and splice it at each end. None of these things is very hard nor requires much expert knowledge. Still a lineman doesn't get them all at once. Generally he begins on easy work. The first thing he has to know how to do is to climb a pole. Then when he gets there he must know just what to do. Some groundmen learn to climb a pole, but there they stop. Perhaps it's because they don't know how to work in wire even a little bit, or may be it's because they get nervous and are so rattled that it takes too long for them to get through a simple job."

The lineman struck an important subject when he spoke of nervousness. Many men can tell just what ought to be done with the wires, and could do the work if it were to be done on the ground. They fail utterly, though, when the job must be done on the cross-piece of a stick of timber as high as a mast. The successful linemen do not drink. They say that even a little liquor makes them unable to stay on a high cross-piece. Their legs are shaky, and sometimes they drop their tools. It's dizzy work under all circumstances. But when the nerves are affected and a man is dizzy, too, the combination is more than he can stand.

Some companies will not engage a man unless he has had experience. Others take them from the groundmen. The men who repair wires and look after all the forms of trouble into which the wires get are often recruited from the construction gangs. They may work on the poles and wires for ten years, but it is unusual. Either they are promoted to other sorts of electrical work or they find the exposure and danger too much for them and quit the telegraph, telephone and light companies altogether. Linemen get from fifty to sixty-five dollars a month. If they are sent out of town their railroad fares, meals and lodgings are paid, but in town the only expenses they can charge are car fares. Tools and climbers are furnished them.

Frequently linemen are sick. Colds and affections resulting from exposure are their chief ailments. Often in winter they have to toil all day under all the disagreeable conditions that follow a sleet storm. Snow is not so bad for wires as sleet, nor as unpleasant for the trouble men. But when there are wind and sleet together, then the hardship is greatest. The first thing a lineman thinks of when he wakes up mornings is the weather. Often, according to the men, they will be roused at night by the howling of a storm. They know then that work will be hard on the morrow. It is rather rough labor to have to go up a pole slippery with melting ice. Often it doesn't pay to wait for the sun to dissolve the frozen lump that fastens the wires, the insulating glass and the cross-piece in one mass, as if some evil genius had soldered them. At these times it's cold and dangerous to cling to a pole with one's legs and gently cut and pry away the ice so as to prevent the electric current from being diverted and running down to the ground. It is tough, also, to have to grasp sleet-covered wires and pull them through one's hands until a slack stretch is taut again. But the men work without much complaint, and say they will put up with all these hardships if only they can be spared the fearful risk of touching a death-dealing wire.—N. Y. Sun.

CONVICTS IN SIBERIA.

A Comparison of the Sufferings Endured by Two Classes.

Regarded as places of punishment the Nerchinsk mines did not seem to me so terrible as they are often represented to be. It is not very pleasant, of course, to work eight or ten hours every day in a damp or icy gallery three hundred feet underground; but even such employment is, I think, less prejudicial to health than unbroken confinement in a dirty, over-crowded and foul-smelling convict prison. The mines are badly ventilated and the gases liberated in them by the explosives used are doubtless injurious; but there are no deadly fumes or exhalations from poisonous ores like cinnabar to affect the health of the laborers, and experience seems to show that the death rate is no higher among the convicts who go regularly every day into the mines than among those who lie idle day after day in the vitiated air of the prison kameras. If I were permitted to make choice between complete idleness in such a prison as that of Algachi or Ust Kara and regular daily labor in the mines, I should, without hesitation, choose the latter. So far as I could ascertain by careful inquiry among the convicts themselves, no one has ever been compelled to live and sleep in these mines day and night, and I believe that all the stories to that effect published from time to time are wholly imaginary and fictitious. The working force may occasionally have been divided into day and night gangs, or shifts, sent into the mines alternately, but the same men have never been required to remain there continuously for twenty-four hours. At the present time there is no night work and all of the convicts return to their prisons before dark, or in the short days of midwinter very soon after dark. I do not wish to be understood as saying that the life of Russian convicts at the Nerchinsk silver mines is an easy one, or that they do not suffer. I can hardly imagine a more terrible and hopeless existence than that of a man who works all day in one of the damp, muddy galleries of the Pokrofski mine, and goes back at night to a close, foul, vermin-infested prison like that of Algachi. It is worse than the life of any pariah dog, but at the same time it is not the sensationally terrible life of the fictitious convict described by Mr. Grenville Murray—the convict who lives night and day under ground, sleeps in a rocky niche, toils in hopeless misery under the lash of a pitiless overseer, and is slowly poisoned to death by the fumes of quicksilver. Such things may be effective in a sensational drama, but they are not true. The worst feature of penal servitude in Siberia is not hard labor in the mines; it is the condition of the prisons.—George Kennan, in Century.

—Henry Russell, father of W. Clark Russell, the novelist, was once a resident of America. He has written many popular ballads. Among them are "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," "The British Grenadiers" and "A Life on the Ocean Wave." The latter has just been adopted as the particular march of the Royal Marines by order of the British Admiralty.

—Newton, Pa., has a Presbyterian church erected in 1769. It is a quaint, old-fashioned stone edifice.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—It is proposed in Fremont, O., to establish a school in honor of the late Mrs. Hayes, wife of Ex-President Hayes. The school is to be given the name Lucy Webb Hayes Seminary.

—A preacher recently came all the way from Wisconsin to Leetonia, O., to take charge of a church there. The church was English and the preacher German, and he returned disconsolate.

—Out of 230 school boards in Scotland 119 have expressed themselves in favor of free education, some even advocating the defraying of the cost of books and stationery out of the public funds.

—Dr. Morgan Dix, rector of Trinity Church, New York, is accustomed to work sixteen hours a day. He boasts that Trinity Church has not had its doors closed once in twenty years, not even during the great blizzard of March, 1888.

—The movement to have the American flag displayed on public and school buildings is growing in favor. In Newburgh, N. Y., it is proposed to have the flag hoisted every school day in the year, and a color guard to attend to it, selected each month from the best scholars.

—The students of Johns Hopkins University have adopted the Oxford cap and gown, but it is not likely that they will retain the costume for any great length of time. There is hardly a college in the country which has not at some period been afflicted with the cap-and-gown craze and has given it up.

—Archbishop Potter, Bishop of Bombay, whose death was lately announced, was a Jesuit father and a great linguist, as he wrote and spoke seven European languages and over a dozen of the native tongues of India and Asia. He was an inveterate chess-player, and on one occasion he was known to have forgotten his vesper service while absorbed in the game. For this his self-inflicted punishment was no chess for two months, to him a most severe punishment.

—The Salt Lake Tribune says the Scandinavians are rapidly leaving the Mormon church. The Scandinavian Methodists and Lutherans are the cause of it. For two years or so they have worked quietly, but most effectually, among the Scandinavian saints, and have cut swath after swath in the ranks of the church. At the rate they have been holding revivals and gathering in the harvest from the Mormon fields there will only be a corporal's guard of Scandinavians left in Salt Lake Israel by another year. They are being converted faster to Christianity than the elders can send over fresh supplies, and when once converted from Mormonism make excellent citizens.

REWARDS OF FIDELITY.

Senator Farwell Tells the Secret of Making a Success in Life.

Few men in the United States have been more successful in business than United States Senator Farwell, who, in addition to his important political place, is the head of one of the great commercial firms of the country.

"I am sometimes asked," he said, "what is the secret of success. I remember some years ago a man came to our house for employment. He seemed to be in earnest, and I told him we would give him a trial. He told me he was ambitious to rise and asked me if there was any rule by which a man who was in earnest in his calling could succeed. I told him yes. I said to him substantially this: I am in business myself. I want some one to look after a matter for me—say a law-suit. I go to Lyman Trumbull, or Judge Drummond, or any lawyer of repute and tell him what I want. I agree to pay him for the service. I employ him. I pay him for the service. I expect him to do what I pay him for. He carries out my wishes. You come here to work for us. We employ you for a certain sum to do a certain work. Your time is ours. We expect you to carry out our wishes No matter what you may think about them you are to carry them out or quit. If you start in with this idea, all other things being equal, you are bound to succeed. Obedience to the wishes and demands of your employer is the foundation of success. His business is your business.

"Two young men came into our employ about twenty years ago. They began at the bottom round. You ask me what that is in this business. The beginner goes to the top story of the house with a basket and a card. On this card are the numbers of the various articles of merchandise which he has to pick up in the building. This familiarizes him with the goods in stock. By and by he is promoted to some department in the house, and from that he is pushed forward just as his ability warrants or as a vacancy may occur. The two young men of whom I just spoke began in that way. To-day one of them is worth $100,000, and the other is almost as well fixed, and each has an income of $15,000. The trouble with most beginners is that they want a big salary at the start. Or if they begin at the bottom they want a raise in twelve months. If they don't get it they begin to look around and finally go elsewhere for a small advance. There they want another advance, and so they keep on roving around until they are old, and they are not particularly valuable anywhere or to any body. Their opportunities are gone and nobody wants them. They get dyspeptic, and then you have the crank. They are the men who are always croaking at other people's success."—Chicago Tribune.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Disproportionableness, with twenty-one letters, is said to be the longest English word

—The printers employed in the establishment where Theodore Roosevelt's last book was published struck on his copy, and he had to have it type-written.

—Walter Scott was the peculiar object of the late Wilkie Collins' worship, and he probably never passed a day without taking up one of the Waverley novels.

—Queen Olga, of Greece, is particularly fond of American literature. She is a constant reader of the principal American magazines and newspapers. Her favorite of all authors is Nathaniel Hawthorne.

—It is not generally known that there are in existence some very spirited ballads by Lord Macaulay, which, in accordance with the author's wish, have never been published. The best of them relates the story of Bosworth field.

—George W. Cable made himself so unpopular by his creole caricatures that the French children of New Orleans used to hoot at him on the streets and pelt him with stones. He was finally compelled to leave the city to escape this intolerable annoyance.

—As regards the origin of the characters in that famous book, "Tom Brown's Schooldays," this letter of Mr. Hughes', just come to light, is interesting: "November 23, 1873. As to the characters, they were none of them taken as portraits, though I hope they are something like living folk. I could not tell you what you ask if I wished, but I could name dozens of boys I know whom I had more or less in mind and tried to boil down for the book."

—The cost of the new catalogue of the Astor library, which has been in preparation for six or seven years, has amounted to about $50,000. It is in four volumes of one thousand pages each, and is in all respects one of the finest catalogues ever made, embodying, as it does, all the newest and best ideas of the foremost librarians. Copies of it have been sent gratuitously to all the large libraries in this country and Europe, and are also offered for sale at the library at $30 the set.

—Miss Juliet Corson is a remarkable woman. The victim of an incurable disease, given over by her physicians, outliving the limits of life which they have from time to time prescribed, she keeps up her literary work, turning out a certain amount of copy each week, and has recently undertaken the editorship of a household journal. In addition to these labors she has constantly an ear for the philanthropic projects which touch upon her specialty—cooking.

HUMOROUS.

—"Gimme ten cents wuff o' fleshcullud court plaster, boss." "White or black?" "Look heah, honey, I's a gen'l'man ob color an' I's aware ob de fac', but don' you go rubbin' it in."—Time.

—Singley—"How much you resemble your sister, Miss Bjones. I would take you for her." Miss Bjones—"W-well, Mr. Singley, this so sudden; but you may ask pa."—Lawrence American.

—"Been sawing wood," inquired the caller. "Worse than that," panted the bank president, wiping the perspiration from his brow and throwing himself exhausted into a chair. "I have been talking to a lady depositor. Whew!"—Chicago Tribune.

—A woman who gave her husband some zephyr to get matched two days ago on his way home in the evening has not seen him since. As there are only forty-five stores in town where zephyr is sold, she thinks it is about time he returned home.—Norristown Herald.

—A good invention.—"Edison has a new invention whereby you can see a man's face miles away," said Smith. Mrs. Smith—"Oh, how nice. James, you will buy one, won't you? You can then stay in at nights and still see the man."—American Commercial Traveler.

—Single Gentleman—"Have you any marriageable daughters?" Landlady—"Two lovely creatures—one lovely blonde and—" Single Gentleman—"Excuse me, madam. I make it a rule never to board in a house unless the landlady's daughters are married. Good morning."—Texas Siftings.

—"Did you use your French while you were in Paris?" asked a young woman of a friend who had just returned from a European tour. "Once or twice—but it was embarrassing." "Why?" "We nearly always had to tell what we wanted in English before we could get any one to understand us."—Merchant Traveler.

—Boy (hurriedly)—"Gimme a bottle of Dr. Quacker's cough sirup, Mr. Squills." Squills—"A dollar and a quarter, please." Boy (reproachfully)—"Say! This ain't for a customer; it's for Mr. Menthol, on the corner. I'm the boy in his drug store." Squills—"Oh, excuse me! I thought you were the public. Thirty-five cents, please."—Lowell Citizen.

—Mrs. Jason—"It really is a pity that the papers have to devote so much space to scandal." Mr. Jason—"It is, indeed. By the way, did you see any thing in the paper about Wickwire leaving town the other day with a married woman?" Mrs. Jason—"No! Tell me about it, quick Who was she?" Mr. Jason—"His wife."—Terre Haute Express.

IN WOMAN'S BEHALF.

MERCY AT THE POLLS.

If we would have all men kind and true,
And doing to others as they should do,
It is not enough to pray in the night,
We must strike by day for a charter right.
To save poor human bodies and souls
We must carry our mercy to the polls.

Women, well, "Women can always pray,"
And go about in a quiet way;
But we, who need brave votes at the polls,
To save the human bodies and souls,
Must clear the path for a woman's grace,
In her mercy's way to the polling place.

We bind her feet and she can not come;
We close her lips and our own are dumb.
Then spare us the folly that may be done
In setting up screens to the rising sun;
For wisdom and mercy in minds and souls
Must carry that mercy to the polls.

—Chas. H. Fitch, in Dawn.

COLLEGES FOR WOMEN.

Equality in Educational Institutions—Progress in Higher Education and Its Beneficial Results.

Since Frederick Maurice established Queen's College in London, England has advanced rapidly in furnishing higher education for women. Girton and Newnham at Cambridge, and Somerville and Lady Margarite's Halls at Oxford, are the marks for advanced education for the sex in England, while Wellesley, Smith and Holyoke colleges in New England, Vassar and Bryn Mawr elsewhere, and the attachment of women to college work at Harvard, Cornell and Columbia among the institutions of the East, together with the equal rights which the sex has in the State universities at the West, are a fair measure of the interest now taken in the higher education of women in this country. Oxford and Cambridge in England are no more a full measure of the interest in England than the institutions here named are an adequate expression of the interest in the United States. There are hundreds of less noted educational institutions scattered all over England and America where the advanced work has been immensely improved by the opening of the standard institutions to women. It is, perhaps, thirty years since this movement began. Queen's College in London was the pioneer institution of this kind, and their promoters in both countries deserve the greatest credit for having opened avenues to strong and bright women which had heretofore been closed to them.

Such an impetus has been given to the higher education of women by these institutions that the present generation is already feeling their influence. Miss Annie J. Clough, of Newham College, in speaking of the influence of this education upon English woman, is careful to note the increased fields of usefulness which have opened since women have been cultivated to enter them. In England these institutions connected with Oxford and Cambridge, and already begun in different parts of the United Kingdom, have greatly increased the teaching force of the country. They have also added several new professions to those now filled by women. Positions as conveyancers, analytical chemists and dispensers, the charge of gardening, farming and business, the study of medicine, careers in art, literature and research, have opened to women who could enter upon them, and almost every kind of intellectual and administrative work has been undertaken by women who were qualified for these spheres. A large and competent body of teachers is already the result of the higher education of woman in Great Britain. While the sex have thus made room for women in occupations which have heretofore been exclusively or mainly reserved for men, they have not failed to bring into homes of their own the results of wider contact with thought and life which have come to them from the higher education.

The home is an important field for the exercise of woman's intelligence as the lectureship or the professional chair, and it is here that the women of position in England, or those who felt a passion within them to do great things, have nobly justified the opportunities extended to them.

In this country, where the freedom of occupation is less controlled by tradition, the higher education of woman has begun to change the character of our social and intellectual life. The same lines of occupation open to them in England are free to them in America; but, with the larger opportunities of a great country, they have yet to make themselves felt in the general welfare as effectively as they have obtained recognition of their influence in Great Britain. The larger development of the higher education of women in our own women's colleges is too recent for the graduates to have fully made their mark in professional or educational life, and yet, whoever visits the schools or goes among the latest applicants for professional positions will find that bright and thoroughly educated women are constantly finding their way into new positions, and thus enlarging the sphere of their sex. The home, with us, re-absorbs a large number of the graduates of these institutions, where their culture becomes the center of social and personal influences that touch the lives of those around them. All over the country these bright women are thus beginning to reconstruct and elevate social life. The college education of American women is thus restoring to thousands of localities the higher moral and intellectual society which was formerly a delightful feature of the smaller New England towns. No one can understand, who has not known the eagerness with which the American girls have responded to the opportunity for a higher education, the extent and the variety of the best sort which has thus been offered to women and is now distributed all over the country. It has enabled them to be at once radical and conservative; it has placed them where, directly or indirectly, they bring the most helpful influences to bear upon the national character. There is nothing in the organic forces of American society to-day which is more closely connected with the happiness of the people.—Boston Herald.

THE STUDY OF POLITICS.

A Branch of Learning in Which Women Are Sadly Deficient—The Proper Education of Voters.

There is one branch of higher education, says Mary A. Livermore, in Union Signal, in which American women have little instruction, and, consequently, little interest. They are taught little concerning their own country—what are its immense resources, what its marvelous history, wherein its Government and civilization differ from those of European nations, what are the perils of the Republic, and what the great issues pending at the time. Indeed, there are many men and women who consider this ignorance creditable; and I have heard women boast of it, as if it glorified, rather than stultified them. Their reading of newspapers is mainly confined to those journals which treat of fashion, dress, household affairs and polite society almost exclusively.

It is otherwise in England. The intelligent women of the middle class in England—the class with which Americans are chiefly brought in contact—take a very lively interest in politics, know what are the public questions of the day, and are accurately informed concerning them. They are ready with a defense of Gladstone's course in dealing with the Irish question, or, if they think it defective, they will tell you where and why. Since church and State are one in England, they are versed in the affairs of the English Church, even when they are non-conformists. They are familiar with colonial affairs, and have an opinion of their own concerning the wisdom or unwisdom, justice or injustice, of English management in India. And all the while they are never unwomanly, and one is held entranced by the charm of their intelligent speech.

It is surprising that the great body of American women can rest contented in utter ignorance of the affairs of their country. Women are already voting in more than a dozen States on school matters, and it is only a matter of time when they will be invested with full suffrage. And if women were never to vote in America, they will always be the mothers of voters. For mothers to abjectly renounce all hold upon their sons when they arrive at the voting age, and to scornfully refuse to acquire the information that would enable them wisely to advise them at critical periods, is to win the contempt of the young men. For women to be indifferent and ignorant when their own affairs are the subject of legislation, and laws are being formulated concerning their property and their children, their advice in the matter not asked, nor their approval sought, is to justify the category in which women are frequently mentioned—"women, children and *idiots*."

GOOD WORDS FOR WOMEN.

SENATOR SUMNER once wrote of Clara Barton: "She has the talent of a statesman, the command of a general, and the heart and hand of a woman."

IN WYOMING, after twenty years' experience, full woman suffrage is incorporated in the State Constitution by a five-sixths majority, and expressly guaranteed in the bill of rights by a unanimous vote.

WITH the education and privileges that have come to American girls of to-day, there is scarcely a large enterprise of any kind that has not in it as an active force some bright, clear-minded young woman, who acts as a magnetic wheel that attracts and compels constant progress.—Oak and Ivy Leaf.

IT is no argument against woman suffrage to say that women do not desire to vote, because we do not give men the suffrage because it is always desired, neither do we deny it to those men who do not exercise it. The argument that women are weaker than men also lacks force in its application, because we do not deny it to men who are weaker than the average woman. —Elihu B. Hayes.

WHEN men and women are made equals in the eye of the law, and not before, shall we complete the foundations of a just commonwealth, which were laid by the Puritans, and strengthened by the Declaration of Independence. Then we may hope, by the united action of both sexes, to regenerate the Republic, and make it an example for the world and future ages. The experiment of a republic based on equal rights can never be fairly tried while one-half of the adult population remains an inferior caste, with no voice in the government.—Hon. Samuel E. Sewall.

"ELECTIONS are going on in more than one constituency, and the assistance of women is eagerly sought by candidates of both parties. It is hoped that ladies who are working on either side in these elections will press on the attention of the candidates on whose behalf they are exerting themselves, the justice and expediency of their claim to the suffrage. It is difficult to see how any candidate can consistently avail himself of the assistance and influence of women in securing his election, and deny to women the right to exercise influence in a direct and constitutional manner through the ballot-box."—English Women's Suffrage Journal.